Baltimore Advertisements.

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WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHER
84 West Pratt street, Baltimore.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Glass, &c

Lead, Zinc, Green, Yellow, Varnish, Turpentine, Varnish, gris, billion, Lead, age, entrated Lye,
Kerosene, Ethereal, Coal Oil, Linseed Oil, Solar Oil, Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Neat's Foot Oil, Machine Oil, Axle Grease, Paint Brushes, Window Glass,
Natrona Turpentine and Naval Stores, ther with a general assortment of goo ne, which we will sell on liberal terms. 27-1y

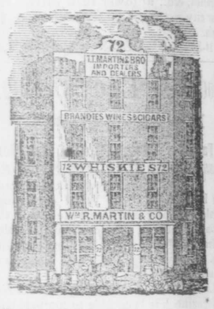
R, PITCH AND OAKUM, in store & ale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHE 27 84 West Pratt street, Ba

XLE GREASE, in kegs, cans and boxe store and for sale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHE 37 84 West Pratt street, Ba

Great Victory

AS just arrived,
oxes genuine Rough & Ready Twist,
" bright Virginia Tobacco.
" Golden Sceptre, in 5 lb. boxes.
" Western tobacco.
" Navy do.
" Light Pressed.
lbs. Smoking Tobacco, of various brand oz., 1 lb. and ½ lb. bales.
so a large assortment of CIGARS.
50,000 Henry Clay's.
40,000 La Minerva's.
25,000 " Espaniola's.
25,000 Trabacco's.
10,000 Generial's.
HavanaCigars,
so, a large assortment of Fine Cut Tobac Pipes, and many other articles too nume ntion. All the above can be found STEIN'S, No. 177, West Pratt St h he promises to sell cheaper than any e city of Baltimore. Please give him a e purchasing elsewhere. [feb 7

Wines and Liquors



WM. R. MARTIN, & C
DEALERS IN
ines, Liquors, Cigars, and Gr ries, and General Commissio Merchants,
No. 72 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, B
Personal attention given to the sale n.
We have on hand a stock of superio skies, to which we call particular atten g 11—1y

M. N. GOULD. I. RETNER DUKES. W. G. RICH

GOULD, DUKES & C
AGENTS AND GENERAL
ommission Merchan
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Baltimore, Md,
Opposite Eastern Shore Steamboat Wha

FOR THE SALE OF
eat, Corn, Rye,
Potatoes, Staves, Bark,
Wood, Lumber, Wool,
Rags, Peaches, Apples,
Dried Fruits, Eg
Poultry,
, Furs, and in fact everything the Me Farmer wishes to dispose of.
e will pay especial attention to ord eries, Liquors, Fertilizers and anythi hant and Farmer desires.
REMITTANCES MADE PUNCTU RAIN and all kinds of PRODUCE solicit ignments.

REFERENCES:
Gus. A. Skinner, near Royal Oak,
Joseph Harrison, " " "
. Levi T. Dukes, near Hillsborough,
Rd. Thomas, Cashier Easton Bank, Eas
Sam'l. Hambleton, Attorney,
12-1y

OLIVER WOOD,
GENERAL AGENT,
WILL attend to all kinds of business ent ed to his care, such as
OVERNMENT AND STATE CLAIMS Either in Maryland or Washington,
ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS,
attended to with dispatch.
ty and City Property sold on Commis use and Ground Rents promptly collected rsons in the Country will please address 61 SECOND ST., BALTIMORE

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H. H. Goldsborough, Saml. Hambleton, s Benson,
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Notice to Farmers.

RMERS in want of Labor can be supp with Farm hands, laborers, house serv by applying to
OLIVER WOOD,
Real Estate Broker,
23-tf No. 61 Second st., Baltimo B.—Orders left with Wm. T. Harden n. will be promptly attended to. 0

Wanted.
OOL, Rags, Feathers, Eggs, Soap, Beeswax, Tallow, &c., for which the rket price will be paid by
30 SAMUEL PATCH

THE EASTON JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MARYLAND.
ARTHUR BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—Two Dollars if paid within three months from the time of subscribing; if not so paid, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $1.50.

☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1865. NO. 18

Terms of Advertising.

Terms—One square—6 lines—one insertion $1. and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued until ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted for 50 cents.

Merchants and others advertising by the year will be charged extra for advertisements out of their regular line of business.

Poetry.

For the Journal.

Lines to A Friend.

I saw one morn a lovely rose,
Perfuming all the air around,
And then again at evening's close,
I saw it lying on the ground,
With all its blooming sweetness fled,
All faded, withered, scentless, dead.

As grew, and bloomed, and died that flower,
So we our brief existence live,
Where clouds of sorrow o'er us lower,
And but few rays of sunshine give,
The wearied heart that solace dear
For which it longs, and oft a tear
We will not shed when Death draws near.

But thou my friend, may never care
Or sorrow dwell within thy heart,
But may unending joys there
Abide, and when the cruel dart
Of Death is hurled upon thee, may
You find that unknown land away
Beyond the tomb, may it not be
A mythe, but a reality.

Oxford, Nov. 15th. M.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, 1825.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

(Concluded.)

Most fortunately, as Frank thought the mate directed his steps to the side of the ship opposite Perdita, but making a little circuit in his return, he passed between Frank's hammock and Perdita's birth. At this moment the poor lad's heart, as he afterwards avered stopped beating.—The ship rolled on that side, and the mate catching hold of the birth to save himself from falling, exclaimed, "In heaven's name what lazy devil is here, when every hand is wanted on deck;" and raising his lantern to identify the supposed delinquent sailor, he discovered the beautiful girl. For a moment he was dumb with amazement, but soon recalling the search at Oxford, the whole truth flashed upon him; he turned to Frank, and shaking his fist in his face exclaimed, "Ah, this is you, Stuart! and enforced his gesture with a horrible oath.

"Yes," retorted Frank, now standing boldly forth, "it is me thank God"—and then drawing a curtain that he had arranged before Perdita's birth, he bade her fear nothing.

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "I cannot fear where you are." This involuntary expression of confidence went to her protector's heart. There is no man so dead to sentiment, as not to be touched by the trust of woman, especially if she be young and beautiful. Frank was at the age when sentiment is absolute, and he was resolved to secure his treasure at every hazard. Perdita's declaration, while it stimulated his zeal, awakened the mean jealousies of the mate.

"And so my pretty miss," he said, "you fear nothing where this fellow is—I can tell you, for all that he may boast, and you may believe, he is neither master nor mate yet, and please the Lord I'll prove as much to him this very night."

"And how will you prove it?" asked Stuart, in a voice which, though as calm as he could make it, resembled the low growl of a bull dog before he springs on his victim.

"I'll prove it, my lad, by telling the whole story of your smuggled goods to the captain. A pretty piece of work this, to be carrying on under the nose of your officers. It's no better than a mutiny, for I'll warrant it the whole ship's crew are leagued with you."

Stuart reined in his passions, and condescended to expostulate. He represented to the mate that he could gain nothing by giving information to the captain. He described with his simple eloquence, the oppression the poor girl had already suffered; the cruelty of disappointing her present hopes, just as they were on the point of being realized, for the ship was not more than 24 hours sail from Cowes; he appealed to his compassion, his generosity, his manliness, but in vain, he found no accessible point. The mean pride of having discovered the secret, and the pleasure of humbling Stuart, mastered every good feeling of the mate, if indeed he possessed any, and he turned away, saying with a sort of chuckling exultation, "that he should go and do his duty."

"Stop," cried Frank, grasping his arm with a gripe that threatened to crush it. "Stop and hear me—I swear by him that made me, if you dare so much as to hint by word, look or movement, the secret, the secret you have discovered here, you shall not cumber the earth another day—day—said I—no, not an hour—I'll send you to the devil as swift as a cannon ball ever went to the mark—Look," he continued, tearing away the curtain he had just drawn before Perdita—"could any thing short of the malice of Satan himself contrive to harm such helpless innocence as that—do you hear me"—he added in a voice that out roared the storm—"in God's name look at me, and see I am in earnest."

The mate had no doubt to satisfy, he trembled like an aspen leaf—in vain he essayed to raise his eyes, the passion that glanced in Frank's face, and dilated his whole figure, affected the trembling wretch like a stroke of the sun. He reeled in Frank's iron grasp, his abject fear changed Stuart's wrath to contempt, and giving him an impulse that sent him quite out of the door, he returned to soothe Perdita with the assurance that they had nothing to fear from the "cowardly dog." She was confounded with terror, but much more frightened by the vehemence of Stuart's passion than by the threats of the mate. She had always seen her protector move like an unobstructed stream along its course, in calm and silent power. Now he was the torrent, that no human force could control or direct.

She saw before her calamities far worse than any she had endured. She believed that the mate, as soon as he was recovered from his paroxysm of terror, would communicate his discovery. She apprehended the most fatal issue from Frank's threats and determined resolution, and the possibility that his generous zeal for her might involve him in crime, was intolerable to her.—Such thoughts do not become less terrible by solitary meditation—in the solemnity of night, and amidst the howling of a storm. Every blast spoke reproach and warning to Perdita; and tortured by those harpies remorse and fear, she took a sudden resolution to reveal herself to the captain, feeling at the moment that if she warded off evil from her protector, she could patiently bide the worst consequences to herself. She sprang from her berth, as if afraid of being checked by a second though, and rushed from the steerage to the cabin. All was perfect stillness there—the passengers had retired to their beds. The captain was sitting by the table; he had been reading, but his book had fallen to the floor, his head had sunk on his breast, and he was in a profound sleep. The light shone full on his weather-beaten face—on large uncouth features—on lines deepened to furrows—and muscles stiffened by time. Never was there an aspect more discouraging to one who needed mercy, and poor Perdita stood trembling before him, and close to him, and dared not, could not, speak. She heard a footstep approaching, and still her tongue was glued to the roof of her mouth. Then she heard her name pronounced in a low whisper at the cabin door, and turning, she saw Stuart there beckoning most earnestly to her. She shook her head, signed to him to withdraw, and laid her hand on the captain's shoulder.—There was but one way to thwart her intentions, and Frank's was not a hesitating spirit; he sprang forward, caught her in his arms, and before the old man had rubbed his eyes fairly open, Perdita was again safe in the steerage.

Stuart's threats produced the intended effect on the mate; he was completely intimidated. He scarcely ventured out of Frank's sight lest he should incur his dangerous suspicions, and the next day the vessel, accelerated by the gale of the preceding evening, arrived at Cowes. The captain and mate immediately landed, and Stuart, no longer embarrassed by their presence, was able to take the necessary measures for Perdita. She assured him that if once conveyed to the main land, to Portsmouth or Southampton, she could herself take the coach for London, and there, she said, happiness or misery awaited her, which her noble protector could neither promote nor avert.

A wherry was procured. Before Perdita was transferred to it, she took leave of all the sailors, shook hands with each of them, and expressed to them individually, her gratitude and good wishes. Her words conveyed nothing but a sense of obligation, but there was something of condescension in her manner, and much of the grace of high station, that contrasted strikingly with the abased, fearful and shrinking air of the girl, who had, till then, only been seen gliding like a spectre along the deck, attended by Stuart, and veiled by the shadows of night. As the wherry parted from the ship, she bowed her head, waved her handkerchief to Frank's shipmates, and they respounded her salutation with three loud cheers.

Stuart attended her to an Inn at Portsmouth, engaged her a seat in the London coach, and then followed her to a private apartment, which he had secured, to bid her farewell.

Perdita, from the moment she had felt her emancipation from a degrading condition, and the joy of setting her foot again on her native land, had manifested, perhaps, an undue elation of spirits, an elation so opposite to Frank's feelings, that to him it was a grating discord; but when she saw him for the last time, every other emotion gave place to unfeigned sorrow and inexpressible gratitude.

Stuart laid a purse on the table beside her.—"My shipmates," he said, "receive their wages to-morrow, so they have been right glad to make their pockets clear of the little trash that was in them which may be of more service to you, though it is of no use to them."

"Oh Frank!" she exclaimed, "if I should ever have any thing in my gift—if I could but reward you for all you have done for me!"

All the blood in Frank's heart rushed to his face, and he said in a voice almost inarticulate with offended pride, 'there are sacrifices that money cannot buy, and thank God, there are feelings in a poor man's breast worth more than all the gold in the king's coffers."

"Oh what have I said," exclaimed Perdita, "I would rather die—rather return to the depth of misery from which you rescued me—yes, ten times told, than to speak one word that should offend you to whom I owe everything—my life and more than life. I did not say—I did not think that money could reward you."

"Do not speak that word again," said Frank, half ashamed of his pride, and half glorying in it. "Reward! I want none but your safety and the blessed memory of having done my duty.—Money—no! I care no more for it, than the dust I tread upon.

"I know it—I am sure of it," cried Perdita, humbled for the moment by a sense of an elevation of soul of Frank, that exalted him far above any accidents of birth or education. "Frank, you are rich in every thing that is good and noble—and what am I, to talk of reward—poor—poor in every thing but gratitude to you, Frank—I am not poor in that—you must not then despise me, and you will not forget me—and you will keep this ring for my sake."

Frank took the ring, and the lilly hand she extended to him—his tears fell fast upon it—he struggled for a moment with his feelings, then dashed away his tears, and half-articulating "God bless you!" he hurried out of the apartment.—Thus separating himself from the beautiful young creature for whom he had performed a most difficult service with religious fidelity; and of whose name even, he was forever to remain in ignorance.

The enterprising talent of Stuart ensured its appropriate reward. In one year from the memorable voyage before related, he commanded a vessel, and on the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he devoted himself to his country's cause, with the fervent zeal which characterized and consecrated that cause which made the common interest a matter of feeling—a family affair to each individual.

Stuart commanded an armed merchantman, and disputed with the noted Paul Jones the honor of having first struck down the British flag.—However, this may be, he was distinguished for his skill and intrepidity—and, above all, (and this distinction endures when the most brilliant achievements have become insignificant) for his humanity to those whom the fortune of war cast in his power.

While on a cruise off the West Indies, Stuart intercepted an enemy's ship bound to Antigua.—His adversary was far superior to him in men and guns, but as it did not comport with Stuart's bold spirit to make any very nice calculations of an enemy's superiority, he prepared unhesitatingly for action. The contest was a very severe one, and the victory long doubtful; but at last the British captain struck his colors. Though we certainly are disposed to render all honor to the skill of our hero, yet we dare not claim for him the whole merit of his success, but rather solve the mystery of victory at such odds, by quoting the expression of a patriotic English boy, who said on a particular occasion. "Ah, but the Americans would not have beaten, if the Lord had not been on their side."

After the fight, the English commander requested an interview with captain Stuart; informed him that the wife and the mother of the governor of Antigua were on board his vessel, and that they were almost distracted with terror; he entreated, therefore, that they might be received with the humanity which their sex demanded, and the deference always due to high station.—Stuart replied, "that as to high station, he held that all God's creatures, who feared their Creator and did their duty, were on a dead level!—and as to the duty of humanity, he trusted no American captain need go further than his own heart for instructions how to perform them." The British captain was ignorant of the spirit of the times, and arguing nothing favorable from Stuart's republican reply, he returned with a heavy heart to the ladies to conduct them on board the captor's ship. The elder lady, the mother, was a woman of rank, with all the pride and prejudice of high birth. The Americans she deemed all of that then much despised order—the common people, rebels and robbers were the best names she bestowed on them and in the honesty of her ignorance she sincerely believed that she had fallen into the hands of pirates. The younger lady, though deeply affected by their disastrous situation, endeavored to calm her mother's apprehensions, and assured her that she had heard there were men of distinguished humanity among the American sailors. The old lady shook her head incredulously. "Oh heaven help us," she groaned, "what can we expect from such horrid fellows, when they know they have lady Stranford and the right honorable Mrs. Liston in their power—and your beauty, Selina! your beauty child! is a fatal treasure to fall among thieves with—depend on't—arrange your veil so that it will hang in thick folds over your face—I will draw my hood close" The precaution on her part seemed quite superfluous, but the young lady obscured some of heaven's cunningest workmanship with her impervious veil.

The servants were ordered to deliver the ladies baggage to the American captain, with the request that some necessaries might be reserved.—Stuart answered that he interfered with no private property, and that all the baggage of the ladies remained at their disposal.

Lady Strangford was somewhat reassured by this generosity, and attended by her captain and followed by her daughter and servants, she proceeded to Stuart's ship. Stuart advanced to meet them and offered her his hand—she proudly declined it and passed silently on. A gust of wind blew back her hood—"Faith!" exclaimed one of the sailors who observed the scrupulosity with which she replaced it, "the old lady had best show her face, for I am sure we'll all give a good birth to such an iron bound coast as that." But as the same breeze blew aside the young lady's veil, there was a general murmur of admiration. She had at the moment graciously accepted the tender of Stuart's hand, in the hope of counteracting the impression of her mother's rudeness, and when her viel was removed he had a full view of her face; conscious that many were gazing on her, she blushed deeply, and hastily readjusted it without raising her eyes. Stuart dropped her hand—smothered an exclamation, and retreated a few paces, leaving her to follow her mother alone.

One of his officers observing his emotion, said, "How is this captain? you don't wink at a broadside, and yet you start at one flash from a lady's bright face."

"I got a scratch on my right arm in the engagement," returned Stuart, evading the raillery, "and the lady's touch gave me a pang."

He then retired to his state room, and wrote the following note, which he directed to be delivered to the young lady. "Capt. Stuart's compliments to the ladies under his protection—he encloses a ring once bestowed on him in acknowledgement of honorable conduct, as a pledge to them that the hand that has worn such a badge shall never be sullied by a bad deed. Captain Stuart will proceed immediately to Antigua conveying the ladies with the least possible delay to their destined port." Such a communication to prisoners of war, might naturally excite emotion in a generous bosom, but it did not account for the excess of it manifested by the young lady.—She became pale and fainted, and when her mother alarmed at such a demonstration of feeling took up the note, she caught it from her, and then after a second thought relinguished it to her.

"I see nothing in this, Selina," said the old lady, after perusing and reperusing it, to throw you into such a flurry; but you, are young and are thinking no doubt of getting home to your husband and children, young people's feelings are like soft wax easily melted."

"There is a warmth in some kindness," rejoined the daughter earnestly, "that ought to melt the hardest substance."

"Really, I do not see any thing so very striking in this man's civility. It would be of course, in the British navy; politeness, and all that sort of thing being inborn in an Englishman; but it may be, indeed I fancy it is quite unheard of in an American."

"Shall I write our acknowledgements madam to Captain Stuart?" asked the young lady with evident solicitude to drop the conversation.

"Certainly—certainly my dear Selina, always be ceremoniously polite with your inferiors."

"Madam, I think this noble Captain," she would have added, "has no superiors," but afraid of further discussion she concluded her sentence with the tame addition, "richly deserves our thanks."

She then wrote the following note. "Mrs. Liston in behalf of her mother-in-law, lady Strangford, and on her own part, offers her warmest thanks to captain Stuart—the ladies esteem it heaven's peculiar mercy that captain Stuart is their captor. They have already had such experience of his magnanimity, as to render them perfectly tranquil in reposing their safety and happiness on his honor." The ring without any allusion to it, was re-inclosed.

When captain Stuart had perused the note, he inquired if the lady had not requested to speak with him. He was answered that so far from intimating such a wish, she had said to her mother that she should remain in her state room till she was summoned to leave captain Stuart's vessel.—The captain looked extremely chagrined, he knit his brows, and bit his lips, and gave his orders hastily, with the usual sea expletives appended to them—"a sure sign," his men said, "that something, went wrong with their captain," but these signs of repressed emotion were all the expression he allowed to his offended pride, or perhaps his better feelings. The ladies were scrupulously served, and every deferential attention paid to them that lady Strangford would have anticipated in the best disciplined ship in his majesty's service.

A few days' sail brought the schooner to the port of Antigua. She entered the harbor under a flag of truce and remained there just time enough for the disembarcation of the ladies and their suite. During this ceremony the captain remained in his berth under a pretext of a violent headache but it was observed that they were no sooner fairly off than he was on deck again moving about with an activity and even impetuosity that seemed quite incompatible with a debilitating malady.

Captain Stuart continued for some months to fortunate cruise about the West India islands.—His was not the prudent maxim that "discretion is the better part of valor," but when valor would have been bootless he knew how to employ the alternative and his little schooner was celebrated as the most desperate fighter and the swiftest sailer in those seas, and her captain became so formidable that the English admiral off that station gave orders that the schooner should be followed and destroyed at all hazards.

Soon after this he was pursued by a ship of the line and compelled to take refuge in the harbor of St. Kitts, a French, and of course a friendly port to the American flag. Here he anchored his vessel, and deeming himself perfectly secure, and wearied with hard duty, he retired to his berth after setting a watch, and dismissing his crew to repose. In the middle of the night he was alarmed by an attack from the pursuing frigate, which had contrived to elude the vigilance of the fort that guarded the entrance of the harbor, and was already in such a position in relation to him as to cut off every possible escape. His spirit far from quailing, was exasperated by the surprise. He fought as the most courageous animals fight at bay. To increase the horror of his situation, the commander of the fort, from some fatal mistake, opened a fire upon him. He was boarded on all sides by boats manned with eighty-four men. We are too ignorant of such matters, and too peaceably inclined to give any interest to the particulars of a sea-fight. Suffice it to say, that our hero did not surrender till he was himself disabled by wounds, his little band cut down and his schooner a wreck. When the British commander ascertained the actual force with which he had contended, his pride was stung with a consciousness that a victory so dearly bought, had all of defeat but the disgraceful name; and, incapable of that sympathy which a magnanimous spirit always feels with a noble captive, he arraigned captain Stuart before him as a criminal and demanded of him how he dared against the law of nations to defend an indefensible vessel.

"Did you think," retorted Stuart with cold contempt, "that I had gunpowder and would not burn it? do you talk to me of the law of nations! I fight after the law of nature that teaches me to spend the last kernal of powder, and the last drop of blood in my country's service." His conqueror's temper heated before, was inflamed by Stuart's reply. He ordered him to be manacled and put in close confinement. This conduct may appear extraordinary in the commander of a British frigate, but the English in their contest with the colonies were not always governed by these generous principles, by which they have themselves so much alleviated the miseries of war. A defeated American was treated as a lawful enemy, or a rebel, as suited the individual temper of the conqueror.

The frigate was so much injured in the fight as to render a refit necessary, and her commander sailed with his prize for Antigua.

Stuart well knew that his fidelity to his country rendered him obnoxious to the severest judgment from the admiralty court and though he might plead the services he had rendered the ladies of the governor's family in mitigation of his sentence he proudly resolved never to advert to favors which he had reason to believe had been lightly estimated.

Spirits most magnanimous in prosperity are often most lofty in adversity. Frank Stuart mutilated by wounds, dejected by the fatal calamities of his faithful crew, irritated by the indignities heaped upon him by his unworthy captor, and stung by secret thoughts of some real or fancied injury—chafed and overburthened with many griefs, received and sullenly obeyed a summons to the presence of the governor. It cannot be denied, that reluctantly as he appeared before the governor, he surveyed him at his introduction with a look of keen curiosity. He was surprised to see a man rather past his prime, though not yet declined into the vale of years. With generous allowance for the effect of a tropical climate, he might not have been more than forty-five. His physiogomy was agreeable, and his deportment gentlemanly. He received captain Stuart with far more courtesy than was often vouchsafed from an officer of the crown, to one who fought under the rebel banner, and remarking that he looked pale and sick, he begged him to be seated.

Stuart declined the civility, and continued resting on a crutch, which a severe wound in his leg rendered necessary.

"You are the commander of the schooner Betsey?" said the governor.

"What's left of her," returned Stuart.

"You appear to be severely wounded," continued the governor.

"Hacked to pieces," rejoined Stuart in a manner suited to the brevity of his reply.

"Your name, I believe, is Frank Stuart?"

"I have no reason to deny the name, thank God."

"And, thank God, I have reason to bless and honor it," exclaimed the governor, advancing and grasping Frank's hand heartily. "What metal did you deem me of, my noble friend, that I should forget such favors as you have conferred on me in the persons of my wife and mother."

"I have known greater favors than those forgotten," said Frank, and the sudden illumination of his pale face, showed how deeply he felt what he uttered.

"Say you so!" exclaimed the governor with good humored warmth; "well, but that I am too poor to pay my own debts to you, I should count it a pleasure to assume those of all my species—but heaven grant, my friend, that you do not allude to my wife and mother. I blamed them much for not bringing you on shore with them—but my mother is somewhat over punctilious, and my wife, poor soul! her nerves were so shattered by that sea-fight, that she is but now herself again. On my word, so far from wanting gratitude to you, she never hears an allusion to you without tears, the language women deal in when words are too cold for them. 'But come,' concluded the governor, for he found that all his efforts did but add to Stuart's evident distress, "come follow me to the drawing-room, the ladies will themselves convince you how impatient they have been to welcome you.

"Are they apprised," asked Stuart, still hesitating and holding back, "whom they are to see?"

"That are they—my mother is as much delighted as if his majesty were in waiting, and my wife is weeping with joy."

"Perhaps," said Stuart, still hesitating, "she would rather not see me now."

"Nonsense, my good friend, come along. It is not for a brave fellow like you to shrink from a few friendly tears from a woman's eye."

Nothing more could be urged, Stuart followed governor Liston to the presence of the ladies.—Lady Strangford arose and offered him her hand with the most condescending kindness. Mrs. Liston rose too, but did not advance till her husband said, "come Selina, speak your welcome to our benefactor—he may misinterpret this expression of your feelings."

"Oh no," she said, now advancing eagerly, and fixing her eye on Stuart, while her cheeks, neck and brow were suffused with crimson, "Oh no, Captain Stuart knows how deeply I must feel benefits, which none but he that bestowed them could forget or undervalue."

"It was a rule my mother taught me," replied Frank with bluntness, softened however by a sudden gleam of pleasure, "that givers should not have better memories than receivers." There was a meaning in his honest phrase hidden from two of his auditors, but quite intelligible to her for whom it was designed, and to our readers, who have doubtless already anticipated that the honorable Mrs. Liston was none other than the fugitive Perdita. A sudden change of color showed that she felt acutely Stuart's keen though veiled reproach.

"A benefit," she replied, still speaking in a double sense, "such as I have received from you, Captain Stuart, may be too deeply felt to be acknowledged by words—now heaven has given us the opportunity of deeds, and you shall find that my gratitude is only inferior to your merit."—Stuart was more accustomed to embody his feelings in action than in speech, and he remained silent. He felt as if he were the sport of a dream, when he looked on the transformed Perdita. He knew not why, but invested as she now was, with all the power of wealth and the elegance of fashion, he felt not half the awe of her, as when in her friendlessness and dependence, "he had fenced her round with many a spell," wrought by youthful chivalric feeling.

He perceived, in spite of Mrs. Liston's efforts, that his presence was embarrassing to her, and he would have taken leave, but the governor insisted peremptorily to his remaining to dine with him. Then saying that he had indispensable business to transact, and must be absent for a half hour, he would, he said, "leave the ladies to the free expression of their feelings."

When he was gone, Mrs. Liston said to her mother, "I do not think your little favorite, Francis, is quite well to-day—will you have the goodness to look in upon him and give nurse some advice." The old lady went without reluctance, as most people do to give advice, and Mrs. Liston turned to Stuart and said, "I gave my boy your name, with a prayer that God would give him your spirit. Do not, oh do not think me," she continued, her lip quivering with emotion, "the ungrateful wretch I have appeared. I am condemned to silence by the pride of another. My heart rebels, but I am bound to keep that a secret which my feelings prompt me to publish to the world." Stuart would have spoken, but she anticipated him: "Listen to me without interruption," she said, "my story is only apology, and I have but brief space to tell it in. It was love, as you once guessed, that led me to that mad voyage to America. I had a silly passion for a young Virginian, who had been sent to England for his education—he was nineteen, I fifteen, when we promised to meet on board the ship which conveyed me to America. His purpose, but not his concert with me was discovered, and he was detained in England. You know all the events of my enterprise. I left a letter for my father, informing him that I had determined to abandon England, but I gave him not the slightest clue to my real designs. I was an only, and as you will readily believe, a spoiled child. My mother was not living, and my father hoping that I should soon return, and wishing to veil my folly, gave out that he had sent me to a boarding school on the continent, and himself retired to Switzerland. When I arrived in London, I obtained his address and followed him. He immediately received me to apparent favor, but never restored me to his confidence. His heart was hardened by my childish folly, and though I recounted to him all my sufferings, I never drew a tear from him; but when I spoke of you, and dwelt on the particulars of your goodness to me, his eye would moisten, and he would exclaim, 'God bless the lad.' I must be brief," she continued, casting her eye apprehensively at the door. "Mr. Liston came with his mother to Geneva, where we resided; he addressed me—my father favored his suit, and though he is, as you perceive, much older than myself, I consented to marry him, but not, as I told my father, till I had unfolded my history to him. My father was incensed at what he called my folly—he treated me harshly—I was subdued, and our contest ended in my solemnly swearing never to divulge the secret, on the preservation of which he fancied the honor of his proud name to depend."

"Thank God," then exclaimed Frank, with a burst of honest feeling, "it was not your pride, cursed pride, and I may still think on. Perdita as a true tender-hearted girl; it was a pleasant spot in my memory," he continued, dashing away a tear, "and I hated to have it crossed with a black line."

Mrs. Liston improved all that remained of her mother's absence in detailing some particulars, not necessary to relate, by which it appeared that notwithstanding she had dispensed with the article of love in her marriage, (we crave mercy of our fair young readers,) her husband's virtue and indulgence had matured a sentiment of affection, if not as romantic, yet quite as safe and enduring as a youthful passion. She assured Stuart that she regarded him as the means of all her happiness. "Not a day passes," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, "that I do not remember my generous deliverer, where alone I am permitted to speak of him." The old lady now rejoined them, bringing her grand-child in her arms. Frank threw down his crutch, forgot his wounds, and permitted his full heart to flow out, in the caresses he lavished on his little namesake.

The governor redeemed Stuart's schooner, and made such representations before the admiralty court of Stuart's merits, and the ill treatment he had received from the commander of the frigate, that the court ordered the schooner to be refitted and equipped and permitted to proceed to sea at the pleasure of captain Stuart. He remained for several days domesticated in the governor's family, and treated by every member of it with a frank cordiality suited to his temper and merits. Every look, word and action of Mrs. Liston expressed to him that his singular service was engraven on her heart. He forbore even to allude to it, and with his characteristic magnanimity, never inquired directly or indirectly, her family name. He observed a timidity and apprehensiveness in her manner, that resulted from a consciousness that she had, however reluctantly, practised a fraud on her husband, and he said "that having felt how burdensome it was to keep a secret from his commander for a short voyage, he thought it was quite too heavy a lading for the voyage of life."

The demonstrations of gratitude which Stuart received from governor Liston and his family, he deemed out of all proportion to his services, and being more accustomed to bestow than to receive he became restless, and as soon as his schooner was ready for sea he announced his departure, and bade his friends farewell. He said the tears that Perdita, (he always called her Perdita) shed at parting, were far more precious to him than all the rich gifts she had bestowed on him.

At the moment Stuart set his foot on the deck of his vessel, the American colors, at the governor's command were hoisted. The generous sympathies of the multitude were moved, and huzzas from a thousand voices rent the air. Governor Liston and his suite and most of the merchant vessels then in port, escorted the schooner out of the harbor. Even the stern usages of war cannot extinguish that sentiment in the bosom of man, implanted by God, which leads him to do homage to a brave and generous foe.

Captain Stuart continued to the end of the war, to serve his country with unabated zeal, and when peace was restored, the same hardy spirit that had distinguished him in perilous times made him foremost in bold adventure.

He commanded the second American trading vessel that arrived at Canton after the peace; and this vessel with which he circumnavigated half the globe, was a sloop of eighty tons, little more than half the size of the largest now used for the river trade. This adventure will be highly estimated by those who have been so fortunate as to read the merry tale of Dulph Heilegher, and who remember the prudence manifested, at that period, by the wary Dutchmen of the ancient metropolis in navigating these small vessels: how they were fain to shelter themselves at night in the friendly harbors with which the river abounds, and, we believe, to avoid adventuring through Haverstraw bay or the Tappan sea, in a high wind.

When Stuart's little sloop rode into the bay of Canton, it was mistaken for a tender from a large ship, and the bold mariner was afterwards familiarly called by the great Hong merchants, "the one-mast Captain."

The Virtue of Application.

Working as an ordinary hand in a Philadelphia ship-yard, until very recently, says the Philadelphia *News*, was a man named John L. Knowlton. His peculiarity was that, while others of his class were at ale-houses, or indulging in jollification, he was incessantly engaged in studying upon mathematical combinations. One of his companions secured a poodle dog, and spent six months in teaching the quadruped to execute a jig upon his hind legs. Knowlton spent the same period in discovering some method by which he could saw out timber in a beveled form. The first man taught his dog to dance—Knowlton, in the same time, discovered a mechanical combination that enabled him to do in two hours the work that would occupy a dozen men, by slow and laborious process an entire day. The saw is now in use in all the ship-yards of the country. It cuts a beam to a curved shape as quickly as an ordinary saw-mill rips up a straight plank.

Knowlton continued his experiments. He took no part in parades or target shootings, and in a short time afterwards he secured a patent for a machine that turns any material whatever into a perfectly spherical form. He sold a portion of his patent for a sum that is equivalent to a fortune. The machine is now in operation in this city cleaning off cannon balls for the government. When the ball comes from the mould its surface is incrusted, and the ordinary process of smoothing it was slow and wearisome. This machine, almost in an instant, and with mathematical accuracy, peels it to the surface of the metal, at the same time smoothing out any deviations from the perfect spheroidal form.

Within a few days the same plain, unassuming man has invented a boring machine that was tested in the presence of a number of scientific gentlemen a few days ago. It bored at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour through a block of granite, with a pressure of but three hundred pounds upon the drill. A gentleman present offered him ten thousand dollars upon the spot for a part interest in the invention in Europe, and the offer was accepted on the spot.

The moral of all this is, that people who keep on studying are sure to achieve something. Mr. Knowlton does not consider himself by any means brilliant, but, if once inspired with an idea, he pursued it until he forced it into tangible shape.—If everybody would follow copy, the world would be less filled with idlers, and the streets with grumblers and malcontents.

[Mr. Knowlton is one of the most enterprising inventors in the country; he has taken out many patents in this and foreign countries.—*Eds. Scientific American.*

A Reminder.

The following lines are again going the rounds of the press, and we give them a place in our columns. If there are any of our patrons to whom they will apply, said patrons can relieve their conscience by calling at our office and "planking" down the cash:

How happy are they
Whom the editors pay,
And have squared up for one year or more;
Tongue cannot express
The great joy of the press,
When delinquents have paid the old score.
Printers all the day long
Labor hard for a song—
A fate that is hard; all agree—
They have worked night and day
And of course want their pay,
To buy sugar, and coffee, and tea.
One would hardly believe,
What small sums they receive,
For the paper addressed to each name;
But the price is so small
That the good people all,
Will pay up for fear of the shame!

☞That is a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who, whilst poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think he could not afford to give his services for nothing:

"Oh, James, don't say the like of that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't;" a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if *he brought the fresh air from heaven with him;* I never miss the bit I give them; my heart warms to the soft and holy sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to receive them in."

A Good Comparison.—One of the New York papers compares the publisher of a newspaper who has to send to all parts of the country to collect his pay, to a farmer who would sell his wheat on credit, and not more than a single bushel to one person. If any farmer will try the experiment of distributing the proceeds of his labor over two or three counties, with an additional one or two far distant States, for one year, we will guarantee that he will never, after that year's experience, ask a publisher to supply him with a paper or two without pay for it.

☞The other day several gentlemen were discussing the alarming prevalence of the crimes of wife desertions, women eloping with other men, &c., when a well-known Teuton, who had been listening with great attention, stepped up, and in an excited manner, said: "If my vife runs avay mit anoder man's vife I will shake him out of her preeches, if she be my own fader, I will."

A waterfall that's made of hair,
Five years ago would seem quite rare,
But now, as every woman knows,
They are as thick as thumbs and little toes.

A Widow.—A fellow out West gets off the following definition of "widow:" "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the same subject."

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